

Caravan

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Summary: [Crossover] Golden Sun meets Final Fantasy: Crystal Chronicles. Don't worry, you don't need to know or have played FF:CC to understand this, I'm keeping it simple. Isaac and Garet are heading off to save their town from a deadly poisonous gas. R&R!

***Chapter 1*: Caravan**

(Dew): You really have to stop writing new fics before you start writing new ones.

Yeah, yeah, so sue me.

(Char): Sweet...

Not literally!!

(Char): Darn it...

(Dew): So... what's the method of torture this time? No more depressing stuff... I'm warning you...

What's the matter, Dew, can't handle a little sadness?

(Dew): ...I hate you.

Mutual. Moving right along...

This is a cross between Golden Sun and Final Fantasy: Crystal Chronicles for GCN. And no, you don't need to understand or have played the game first to understand this, I'll try and keep it really simple.

(Char): Ooh... simple. Something you know very well.

... ..

Vale, thirteen years ago...

"Hurry up! Move it! The crystal's almost drained!"

"They're coming!"

"Not fast enough! We're gonna lose some of the aura!"

Vale's great crystal shimmered and dulled, the invisible aura it extended to the city's limits beginning to retract and fade. Already it was giving way in patches at random intervals, and the Miasma was starting to seep in, an unwanted intruder in the fair city.

The caravanners were rushing to the centre of the city where the great sapphire crystal stood, fading of power. All eyes were on them as they rushed the crystal chalice to the centre of the city.

"Why are they going so fast, mommy?" Isaac questioned, his youthful blue eyes following the saviours of the city. Dora wavered on her feet. Isaac was only 4... was it right to burden him with the knowledge of their existence now, so soon? Kyle squeezed her hand and nodded. Now would have to be the time. Better sooner than later.

"Isaac... you know how all year long, that big crystal shines so brightly?" she asked him. He nodded fervently, as only children know how to. "The crystal actually does something for us. It puts up a big... shield around Vale, that protects us." Isaac tilted his head, confused.

"What does it protect us from? I can't remember ever being attacked..." he wondered.

"The world isn't as friendly a place as Vale, sweetie," Dora said softly. "There's something called Miasma that blankets the world."

"So why do we need to keep it away?" he asked, blue eyes shining more curiosity than ever.

"You know what poison is, right, honey?" she asked him. He nodded slightly. "Miasma is a gas... it's like a poison to us... even a little exposure to it will kill humans, Adepts or not."

"And the crystal... protects us? It keeps the Miasma away?" he asked back. She smiled and nodded, slightly amazed her son had picked up the knowledge so fast. "So why are they running? Why do they say it might... fail? Are we going to die, mommy?" Kyle kneeled down quickly next to his son and put a hand on his shoulder.

"No one's going to die, Isaac. You see, the crystal needs something called Myrrh to function properly," he said soothingly.

"What's myr?" Isaac asked.

"Myrrh is a liquid that comes from Myrrh trees scattered around the world. These people, the crystal caravanners, travel to the trees to collect enough myrrh to refuel our town crystal."

"What keeps them safe from the... Misma?"

"You see what he's carrying, Isaac?" Dora asked, pointing at a container full of Myrrh in the hands of the man racing over to the crystal. "That's called a crystal chalice... it has a little crystal that puts a small aura out to protect them as they travel, and can hold a year's worth of Myrrh to bring back here." Isaac clapped his hands and smiled.

"So the caverners bring back the meer to Vale, where they use it to fuel the crystal that protects us from Misma for a

year?" Dora and Kyle shared a look of bemusement at the vocabulary of their young son, but nodded all the same.

"Faster!" someone cried. "It's gonna give!"

And as if sealing their fate while the new supply of myrrh was only a few meters away, the crystal dimmed and went blank. The aura dropped, and the Miasma filled into the city. People started gasping and choking while the vicious Miasma seeped into their bodies.

"Isaac!" Kyle cried, ripping off his sleeve and throwing it over his son's mouth and nose while keeping his other sleeve pressed against his wife's face.

"Here it is!" the caravanner cried, giving it to the Mayor. The Mayor read the ancient tome of transference to move the myrrh to the crystal as best he could while choking on the Miasma. The crystal absorbed the Myrrh, becoming stronger and beginning to regain its lustre, but it was too late... some of the townsfolk were already succumbing.

The aura grew from the crystal, expanding farther and farther until it reached the limits of the city, saving most within, but too late for a few.

"Isaac," Dora asked, "are you all right?" He nodded. "Kyle? ...Kyle?" But the only response she was to receive was the limp body of her husband falling to her feet.

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Vale, present day...

Thirteen years had passed since that day, and not a day had passed where Isaac didn't think about what had happened. The sight of his father dying in front of him had affected

him, but no one was sure about what part of Isaac was him, grown up and mature, and what part was the little boy, scared and lost, replaying the sight of his dying father in his mind over and over.

It didn't really matter though. Isaac would have to be at his best now more than ever. For everything that fateful day had done to him, it had instilled in him one undeniable command: that he must protect the people and city of Vale.

He wasn't alone, of course. Gareth, his faithful best friend, would always be there to help him, but that didn't stop him from thinking sometimes that it was all up to him. This was his goal, that he must not fail, that too much was on the line for him to lose. Everything was on the line.

His hometown, and indeed, his life.

This day was like most others; that is, Sol was up in the sky, shining brightly through the transparent and indeed invisible Miasma, trees bent slightly under gentle winds and rustled their leaves and the Crystal eternally extending its shield around the city. Isaac found himself resting under the shade of one of the eldest trees in Vale. He drew his steel sword and looked it over, scrutinizing any minuscule imperfections that only glared at him, as only a master finds the tiniest fault in his apprentices. He lifted a rock from the ground and started scraping the blade, sharpening it. Footsteps beside him sounded the arrival of another.

"You know," Gareth said, coming over to the tree to lounge, "if you keep doing that, you're going to get to the point where the sword cuts through the rock and digs into your hand."

"I doubt that, somehow," Isaac replied, smiling, "but if it does, at least it'll be sharp enough to do some real damage."

"True, but you'd only have one hand to wield it with."

"I'd only need to use one hand, anyway."

"And what would you do with your shield?"

"Convenient to make stew with, at the very least..."

Garet chuckled and stared up at the sky. This was the chosen day for the two of them to embark across the world, collecting drops of Myrrh and saving their town for another year. His stomach flipped every time he thought of the seriousness of their goal, but he was also extremely anxious as to the possibilities of what they might come across in their adventure.

"So... are you ready to go?" Garet asked. Isaac looked over his sword slowly before answering.

"I think so," he said, sheathing it and standing. "This is our time, Garet."

"Yeah..." he answered softly. "You think we can do it, Isaac?" Isaac looked at him oddly, and furrowed his brow.

"I know we don't have a choice but to do it," he said simply. "There's too much to lose if we fail." Garet stood and the two started walking toward the house of the mayor, where the chalice was held during the year.

"But what if we do?" Garet wondered aloud.

"Introspectiveness doesn't suit you, Garet," Isaac muttered. "Look, there's a whole world out there."

"Your point being..."

"My point being that we can't waste time worrying about what we're going to come across. If we spend time worrying about what we're going to come across, then we're never going to come across anything worth worrying about because we'll never get there," Isaac replied. Gareth blinked.

"In a strange way, I think that made sense."

"No kidding."

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The pair arrived at the house of the Mayor soon after, and he granted them the Crystal Chalice. It was roughly spherical, with a small arm at the top that held a small crystal to protect the bearers from the Miasma. The Mayor held the chalice in his hands, as though studying it, then looked at Gareth slowly. He gave it to Isaac.

"Hey!" Gareth cried in mock indignation.

"You'll probably drop it and shatter the crystal," the Mayor replied, staring at his grandson with a grin creeping up his face.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, Gramps," Gareth replied.

"You want it?" Isaac smiled, handing him the Chalice. The Mayor frowned.

"Are you sure you want-" He was cut off as Gareth fumbled and dropped the Chalice. Time seemed to freeze as the Chalice spun through the air toward the ground. Isaac shot a hand out and saved it with Catch Psynergy, and drew it back to his hand.

"Isaac, the chalice stays in your hands!" the Mayor cried, red in the face. He gave his grandson one final look, smiled (though he still had a glint in his eye), and then shooed them off his doorstep and back to the open path. "You'll find the caravan near the gates at the edge of the city... Isaac, don't let him screw up, now!"

"Gramps!" Gareth cried in indignation, but his grandfather had already cuffed him over the head in a I'm-your-grandfather-don't-talk-back-to-me-or-I'll-tell-you-long-boring-stories sort of way. The mayor went back inside and waited at the window, watching the two would-be heroes as they walked the long path to the gates.

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"High noon," Gareth remarked as the pair stood before the city gates. It was tradition for the yearly caravan to leave Vale as Sol was at its highest point in the sky. Isaac looked over the crystal chalice and put it in the back of the caravan. He glimpsed over the crowd of people that had come to see them off, his mother especially.

"We'll be back; I promise," Isaac said with a small smile. "And we're bring a chalice full of myrrh for you!" Dora simply gave him a sad smile in return.

"Bring yourself back safely, and I'll be just as happy," she said. Isaac smiled, and nodded.

"Are we ready to go, then?" he asked Gareth.

"Just a second!" Gareth cried back from the front of the caravan. Isaac peered around. Gareth seemed to be having difficulty hitching the horse to the front of the caravan. "Come on, you great, stupid beast," he muttered. He managed to restrain the horse (though rather roughly) and

hitch it to the caravan successfully. Isaac crawled into the front of the caravan.

"All right, then... we're off!" Isaac cried, staring down the road ahead.

"Yep," Gareth added, "and let's just hope we get a little more co-operation from this ugly steed, huh?" As if in response to this latest comment, the horse snorted at Gareth and galloped down the road, dragging Isaac and the caravan behind it, leaving Gareth in the dust.

"Oh, dear..." Dora said, suppressing a smile.

"Isaac! Pu-tuh," he cried, spitting out dirt, "get that- augh... - get that thing back here!!" Isaac slowed the caravan and turned it around, heading back toward the entrance. Gareth stared furiously at the horse.

Dora watched her son in admiration, but still took the time to shake her head at the pair's antics and mutter, "Venus help us..."

(Dew): So... the fate of Vale rests upon a severely introspective teenager who has no idea what the outside world is like, except that it's deadly, and a teenager who's a complete idiot.

This is the stuff motion pictures are made of...

(Char): I don't like the fact that the whole world is deadly. Too many places for you to cliffhang.

...yeah, that sucks, doesn't it?

(Dew/Char): ...

(Dew): I hate you.

(Char): Well, look on the bright side: it's summer, right?
There's no work to distract him from writing, *right?*

Exactly! On a totally unrelated topic, I just got a new game for my GBA... it's called Fire Emblem... shouldn't be too addictive, though.

(Dew): ...Mercury help us...

Oh, yeah... review, please! Come on... cookies for reviewing!